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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

Mrs. Margaret Jones
1835—1914

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL—
Notes 331
"Aunt Margaret" 333

CONTRIBUTED—
A Great Citizen—The Life of Gerrit Smith—By Charles Edwin Perkins 333
From Abdul Baha Abbas 339

POETRY—
Unity—*Alfred Noyes* 331

THE HOME—
Helps to High Living 340
Where is Heaven?—*Catherine Bisbee Gates* 340
Automatic Whistle—*Popular Mechanics* 340
English Mother's Creed—*Methodist Recorder* 340
A Country Church—*Jeannette Pendleton Ewing* 340

THE FIELD—
"Watch Germany" 341
The People's Friend—*The Beacon* 341
Honored at Home—*The Indian Messenger* 342

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ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXII THURSDAY, JANUARY 22, 1914. NUMBER 21.

UNITY.

Heart of my heart, the world is young;
Love lies hidden in every rose!
Every song that the skylark sung
Once, we thought, must come to a close:
Now we know the spirit of song,
Song that is merged in the chant of the whole,
Hand in hand as we wander along,
What should we doubt of the years that roll?

Heart of my heart, we cannot die!
Love triumphant in flower and tree,
Every life that laughs at the sky
Tells us nothing can cease to be:
One, we are one with a song today,
One with the clover that scents the wold,
One with the Unknown, far away,
One with the stars, when earth grows old.

Heart of my heart, we are one with the wind,
One with the clouds that are whirled o'er the lea,
One in many, O broken and blind,
One as the waves are at one with the sea!
Ay! when life seems scattered apart,
Darkens, ends as a tale that is told,
One, we are one, O heart of my heart,
One still one, while the world grows old.

—*Alfred Noyes.*

The department reports five hundred tree species in the United States, about one hundred of which are commercially important for timber, but the remaining four hundred help make the forests beautiful and serviceable to man, and hospitable to bird and beast. So in the human forest.

Apropos a recent editorial discussion in these columns concerning the instruction in theological seminaries, a successful teacher in one of the leading Presbyterian theological seminaries of our land writes: "Is it not more the manner than the matter of our teaching that can be complained of? A man with a vision could teach theology or ecclesiastical history or any other branch in such a way as to broaden the minds of the students who are going out to preach. Without that vision all courses will fail."

Of the half million trees planted by the government in the past three years in the Pocatello Forest, Idaho, three-fourths of them are reported alive and doing well. That is doing much better than nature can do unaided. Man can *plant,* nature only *sows.* The farmer has well nigh abandoned broadcast sowing. The higher products of his field are drilled, or better yet, planted. It is well to broadcast ideas, to let them fall where they will, on stony or on good soil; but it is better to *plant* them in the fertile brains of growing children. But when ideas are thus planted, they still need to be watered, trained, cultivated, in order to bring them to full fruition.

The Poster Campaign against alcohol was Boston's contribution to the Race Betterment Congress recently held at Battle Creek. Dr. Kellogg characterized the campaign as one of the most striking race betterment movements in the country. The last poster to reach our desk is the following:

EVEN MODERATE DRINKING LESSENS EFFICIENCY

Firing Tests:

Shots Fired, 30: Men Averaged

23 Hits on Abstinent Days

3 HITS ONLY, on Alcohol Days

AMOUNT TAKEN—LESS THAN THAT CONTAINED IN A QUART OF 4% BEER—Bength Boy Tests

---

Whatever may be thought of the value of the Go-to-church-one-Sunday movement, much ought to be said in praise of the sober and dignified way in which the daily press is urging this matter. All of the great Chicago dailies have handled the subject with sobriety, simplicity and directness. They have given generous space to the discussion of the movement and have interpreted the same editorially with directness and manifest sincerity and public spirit. The *Daily News* characterized the movement as one "which has for its motive a closer relationship between the church and the people." In another connection it says what the experience of countless men and women will witness to:

> When one is troubled and all the world seems to have gone wrong, where is there solace that can compare with the quietness of a church—the companionship of a warm-hearted congregation—the sympathy of scriptural readings?

The National Federation of Religious Liberals has published in a single tract the significant words spoken at the Rochester meeting January, 1913, on the promotion of sympathy and good-will between orthodox and liberal religions. Dr. Ambrose White Vernon pleads for a juster appreciation of religious radicals by orthodox believers, and William Channing Gannett for a juster appreciation of orthodox believers by religious radicals. Both of these papers would claim the pages of UNITY for full utterance

were it not that they are made available in this form and can be had for the asking of the General Secretary, Rev. Chas. W. Wendte, 25 Beacon Street, Boston. But lest you forget, dear reader, we tantalize you by saying that Dr. Vernon closes his article with the confession "that we conservatives are more and more consciously taking the radical's tools into our own hands as we hew out the truth," and Mr. Gannett predicts the time when at last so much of church unity shall be realized as will give peace, respect, hearty good-will, earnest sympathy and active co-operation in social endeavors, and says that this should come right speedily.

In a recent criticism of instruction given in theological schools we plead for more intensive study of extra Biblical scripture, contending that prophecy is not confined to the venerable scriptures of the early Jewish and Christian movements, but that the poets and prophets of all times are profitable for study. That is inspired that is inspiring. This suggestion has brought us, through the hands of a friend, a very interesting outline prepared for just such study at the McCormick Theological Seminary of Chicago. The outline shows that in this Presbyterian School of the Prophets, Dante, Goethe, Victor Hugo, Shakespeare, Milton, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Byron, Browning, Carlisle, Charles Dickens, Walter Scott, George Eliot, and others have been thoughtfully presented to the students with carefully prepared outline and with a well selected reading list. Our correspondent writes: "This course has just been covered by a large class. The interest in the course has been marked. The references are to available books which a young minister might be advised to buy as a beginning or which are here in our library. Students need to read the authors themselves more than books about them." We congratulate these young Presbyterian students that their way into the ministry is being illuminated by such insipiring studies. The deliverances from their pulpits will be but the more humane and humanizing from such studies as are here outlined.

What a roll of honor is the list offered by the secretary of the Anti-Imperialistic League of the members and supporters of the society who have passed on,—referred to in another note. The time has long since passed when the most ardent champion of the Republican party glories in the Philippine conquest. The best that any defender of the grewsome conquest tries to do is to magnify it as a responsibility and to justify continued possession and control on the score of a duty to the benighted and unprepared. There is no substitute for repentance and reformation. In the life of a nation, as in the life of the individual, when a great wrong is done, a blunder committed, that wrong must be righted and the wrong step retraced. The Democratic Party has now the opportunity of justifying its reproaches and making good its promises, failing this it is condemned out of the mouths of its own representatives. Let them take courage by reading this honor roll: George Sewall Boutwell, Francis Ellingwood Abbot, Edward Atkinson, Gamaliel Bradford, Francis Fisher Browne, Donelson Caffery, John Griffin Carlisle, Theodore Ledyard Cuyler, Patrick Ford, Benjamin Harrison, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, George Frisbie Hoar, William James, Abby Adeline Manning, George Gluyas Mercer, Charles Eliot Norton, Patrick O'Farrell, William Jackson Palmer, Mary Pickering, Hazen Smith Pingree, Horatio Potter, Emil Preetorius, Thomas Brackett Reed, Carl Schurz, George Frederick Seward, John Sherman, Edwin Burritt Smith, William Graham Sumner, John Joseph Valentine, Hermann von Holst and Grover Cleveland.

The report of the fifteenth annual meeting of the Anti-Imperialist League, held December 8, 1913, in Boston, a pamphlet of sixty-four pages, is before us. It is a document of great significance. It should be sent for and carefully studied and then religiously passed on by all lovers of democracy and thoughtful citizens of the United States. The secretary's report, with its significant list of the crowd of witnesses who have passed on, justly characterized as "saintly names of our departed shining ones," and its eighteen pages of testimonies from living ones, is impressive; and the address of President Morefield Storey is an eloquent appeal to the Democratic Party now in power to carry on the good work and to justify the pledge of President Wilson in his first message when he said:

> We must hold steadily in view the ultimate intelligence of the Philippines, and we must move towards the time of that intelligence as steadily as the way can be cleared and the foundations be thoughtfully and permanently laid.

For fear that some of the readers of UNITY will not send for this pamphlet which can be secured for the asking (but better send a contribution along to pay postage), of the secretary, Erving Winslow, Anti-Imperialist League, Boston, Mass., we give the closing words of the president's address:

> All "governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed," and from no other source. That is the sheet anchor of American liberty, and until that principle is recognized and applied in the Philippine Islands and in every other region beneath our flag, the United States is false to itself, and its people, denying freedom to others as Lincoln said, "deserve it not themselves, and under a just God will not long retain it." As the representative of that freedom for which America stands, the old as well as the new, we call upon the Democratic party to fulfil its promise, and not to stay its hand until the Philippine Islands are, as they of right ought to be, free and independent.

"Aunt Margaret"

If cheerfulness under many afflictions, patience in the face of severe trials, tenderness in the midst of hard circumstances, a trust in a providence that dealt harshly with her, and a never failing serenity, makes for saintship, Aunt Margaret was entitled to the aureole she never claimed but which admiring neighbors and loving friends unconsciously recognized and ascribed to her.

Never was a life of seventy-nine years more confined within the narrow limits of the farm, the country side, and a long sunset season of weakness bordering on dependence, than that which spent its closing years in the little red cottage adoining a brother's populous home.

Four times at least did the grave open to receive what seemed to be her encoffined heart. Never did a young couple face the new West with more love and courage than did she and her young husband, in the prairie schooner, with its simple home outfit. The unfenced and treeless Iowa prairie, with a little wind swept shanty was a lonesome place in the '50s. But there was founded a HOME full of sunshine and fond hopes. But soon a fever came and smote the young schoolmaster. The young mother with two darling little boys must needs fall back into the Wisconsin father's home. Here she was the eldest sister in a home already filled with four younger sisters and five brothers. But she made a place for the "three more" at the already long and crowded table, and the little boys grew under her hand and heart in such gentle, thoughtful, serving and loyal ways, that they not only made glad the sore heart of the proud mother, but added to the happiness of the enlarged family circle. On the verge of a promising manhood one of them, in the midst of his academic preparation for the ministry of religion, went through the ice, while trying to save the life of a companion. Some years later the other son, with a loving wife and baby at his side, was the victim of a gnawing cancer, and he died in his mother's arms. Meanwhile the mother had become the companion and homemaker for another worthy man, and she became the beloved second mother to a grown up family who learned to give her a mother's love and trust. But again the grave opened and the widowed heart still continued uncomplaining to serve in its gentle way the widening household. Wherever there was need of a helping hand, either in welcoming the new-born, or in closing the eyes of the departed, there was the beloved and trusted "Aunt Margaret." While strength lasted hers was a neighbor's service ever to be counted on. She was the trained nurse, without a diploma, in the neighborhood. She was educated in the simple lore of the sick room acquired in the country-side.

Then came the thriftiness that made the few dollars that were left, a fortune adequate to her simple needs. The little red cottage was reared where she and her foster-daughter, Annie, from whom came a wealth of love and helpfulness, lived together. Her steps grew feeble and uncertain, her hands were touched with tremor until at last they refused to hold the book that had been such a solace. All this time she radiated peace, gentleness, serenity, cheerful trust and religious hopefulness throughout the country-side. After the manner called heresy did she trust and worship the God of her fathers, but Aunt Margaret was immune from the suspicions which go with heretics. So full of natural devoutness, so open to the light, so loyal to its leadings and so appreciative of the faiths of others was she, that Catholic and Protestant, orthodox and Unitarian felt that she belonged to the "communion of the saints" wherever found or however described.

However the strain and stress of life eddied about her, however the losses and the convulsions that tear every community and invade every home swept like fierce winds about her little cottage, inside was a haven of rest, a shelter from the storm. In her years of enforced leisure she grew in mind and heart. New authors and the best of the latest literature somehow found her out. She became the unofficial deaconess of the little chapel in the neighborhood, and declared from her sick room and helpless bed the succession of the lay preachers that kept the little Unity Chapel open from Sunday to Sunday through many years.

Aunt Margaret was dainty and she was always beautifully dressed, albeit for the most part in calico. In her strength she was a skilled housekeeper. How toothsome were the dinners "at Aunt Margaret's!" How hospitable was she at her little board, and how loved and revered was she, not only by the long line of nephews and nieces by blood, but the longer line of boys and girls that for over a quarter of a century came annually to the Hillside Home School. They, in all their boisterousness and hilarity, felt the benediction of Aunt Margaret fall upon them, as a refining shadow, and they grew quiet and gracious in her presence.

The other day the end came. As she approached the mystic river she seemed to be somewhat confused as upon which bank she was sojourning. She called for "Charley" and "Orren," the darling boys who had long since left her arms vacant. She spoke of, or was it to, Mary, the sister gone before.

Her last audible words were, "Father, I trust thee."

For many years Aunt Margaret had been housebound. Her last coming into the little valley was as a

woman already ripe in years, and yet a tender multitude came from many miles around to the leave-taking, while the brother, who had rested in her love and reinforced his strenuous life out of her trust and unflagging loyalty, spoke the parting words. Her favorite hymns were sung and read. Hosmer's "Thought of God" and John Burroughs' "Waiting" and the ever consoling "Nearer, My God to Thee." The text that had so often sustained her life came unbidden to the lips at this leave-taking and home-coming, "Though He slay me yet will I trust Him."

And now the tired bones rest in the little country church-yard to which the old readers of UNITY are no strangers. Her ashes will mingle with those of others beloved. Many who never saw her face will somehow feel the force of her gentle spirit and her sustaining faith, not alone in these faltering words, but throughout the pages of UNITY in the future, as they have been there in the past.

Aunt Margaret was another of the saints of the simple faith and the open mind to whom the lines of Whittier, which filled out the funeral words, tenderly apply:

For all her quiet life flowed on
As meadow streamlets flow,
Where fresher green reveals alone
The noiseless ways they go.

Her path shall brighten more and more
Unto the perfect day;
She cannot fail of peace who bore
Such peace with her away.

O sweet, calm face that seemed to wear
The look of sins forgiven!
O voice of prayer that seemed to bear
Our own needs up to heaven!

How reverent in our midst she stood,
Or bowed in grateful praise!
What grace of Christian womanhood
Was in her household ways!

For still her holy living meant
No duty left undone;
The heavenly and the human blent
Their kindred loves in one.

And if her life small leisure found
For feasting ear and eye,
And Pleasure, on her daily round,
She passed unpausing by.

Yet with her went a secret sense
Of all things sweet and fair,
And Beauty's gracious providence
Refreshed her unaware.

She kept her line of rectitude
With love's unconscious ease;
Her kindly instincts understood
All gentle courtesies.

An inborn charm of graciousness
Made sweet her smile and tone,
And glorified her farm-wife dress
With beauty not its own.

The dear Lord's best interpreters
Are humble human souls;
The Gospel of a life like hers
Is more than books or scrolls.

From scheme and creed the light goes out,
The saintly fact survives;
The blessed Master none can doubt
Revealed in holy lives.

A GREAT CITIZEN

The Life of Gerrit Smith

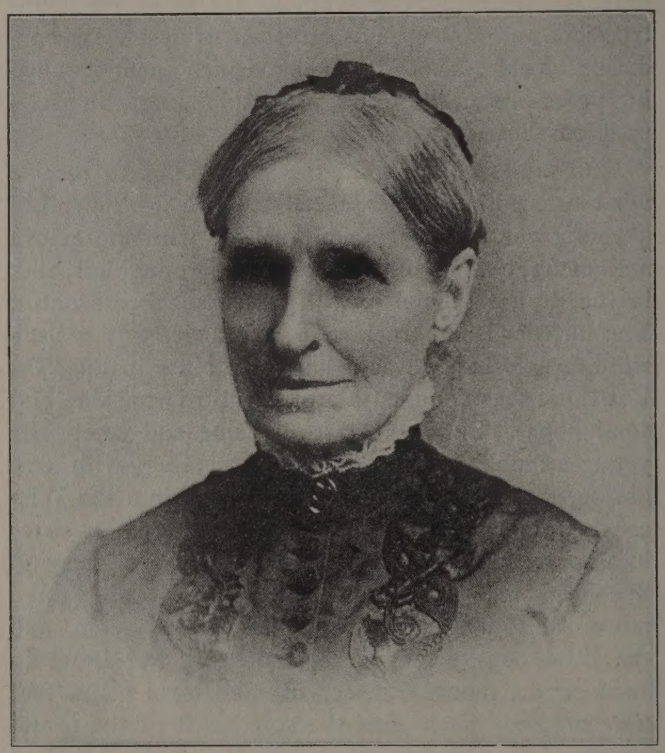
BY

CHARLES EDWIN PERKINS

CHAPTER II.—*Continued*

CAROLINE FREEDOM KING.

Miss King kept a diary during the entire time of her residence in the household, and it is a valuable record of the intimate life of a very unusual family. It will be frequently drawn upon in these pages. Of Miss



CAROLINE FREEDOM KING
From a photograph by Antrim, Washington, in 1887

King herself, an instructive and inspiring story might be written and still keep strictly within the lines of truthful history.

Her father, Maj. Gen. Nathaniel King, was, on his mother's side, connected with the Thompson family, one of whom, Smith Thompson, was the first Secretary of the Navy, and also a Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. Gen. King was a Yale graduate (1792) and studied law under Justice Ambrose Spencer of the New York State Supreme Court, enjoying the personal friendship and professional advice, also, of the famous Chancellor Kent. He settled in Hamilton when that part of central New York was a new region, marrying Ottillia Meyer, only daughter of Dr. Meyer, a learned German physician, and Freedom Wheeler, a woman of fine, strong character.

Nathaniel King was a member of the State Assembly in the days of Governors John Jay and DeWitt Clinton. On a certain occasion, a friend with whom he was conversing undertook to introduce him to Aaron Burr, who approached. They were fellow members of the legislature, but King promptly put his hands behind his back and refused to greet him. "Rather an

ungracious act, to be sure," says Gen. King's grandniece, Miss Barnett, of Washington, to whom the writer owes these notes concerning Miss King and her ancestry, "but natural, perhaps, for a Federalist and ardent admirer of Hamilton. The same incident is related of others in connection with Burr," adds Miss Barnett. "In this case it was true."

Caroline Freedom King was anxious to do for herself, and at an early age taught a small "select" school in Peterboro village. While thus engaged, Mr. Smith, who was a friend of her family's, asked her to be his children's governess.

After leaving Peterboro, Miss King taught for several years in various academies, and then, desiring a broader education, she entered the Female Seminary at Troy, graduated in 1846, and remained there as teacher for twenty-six years. It will be remembered that the Troy Female Seminary was the first school in our country to offer higher education to women; its founder, Mrs. Emma Willard, having braved much opposition and ridicule, when she insisted on the propriety of teaching advanced subjects to girls. Miss King was one of Mrs. Willard's most valued associates, and was the author of a widely read sketch of that noble woman's useful life.

AN ERA OF REFORMS AND 'ISMS.

Reforms were in the very air in the years with which we are concerning ourselves. Errors of all sorts, hoary with antiquity and venerable with long custom, were being fearlessly attacked. After a slumber of ages, not the individual conscience only, but the social conscience was beginning to be aroused. Intemperance, slavery, care of the insane, the wrongs of women, the horrors of war, were among the subjects with which many generous minds were concerning themselves, in the hope of bringing better things to pass. Conventional forms of religion came in for criticisms of more or less intelligent discontent. New systems of medicine, new principles of dietetics, reform in the dress of women, were finding advocates in the press and on the platform. Pseudo-sciences, too, sprang up and were welcomed, some of them by considerable following, as phrenology, spirit-rapping and mesmerism.

The atmosphere of the Peterboro mansion was peculiarly favorable to a friendly consideration of many of the new ideas. Other measures than temperance and anti-slavery were fostered there. Turning to Miss King's journal, we find this note:

> Oct. 5, 1833. Began today to discontinue the use of tea and coffee, and to drink hot water with cream and sugar. Mrs. Smith has been drinking the same for some months and it is about a year now since Mr. Smith has been drinking cold water. He has hired Wealthy, Libby and Fitz to do the same, and they are to have twenty-five cents per month to do what they please with.

Something less than a year later the hospitable home suffers a friendly invasion from one Dr. R. D. Mussy, with his wife, from Hanover, N. H. Miss King finds them interesting people. "They are upon the No Meat system, and he is a bold advocate of the putting off of corsets."

The neighbors are invited and a lecture is given at the school, where the doctor talks on dietetics, very sensibly, and with no little learning, as Miss King's report shows. When Sunday evening comes, there is a lecture in the church "Upon the wickedness of wearing corsets." He "reasoned well," writes the diarist; and we may well believe it, from what follows:

> The doctor produced a spine and chest and lectured upon them, showing the danger of preventing the ribs, those curious bellows, from having full play. He shows a deformed spine which he brought from Paris, the seat of fashions, he said, also a Chinese lady's foot, made of wood, and a wooden lip ornament which was brought from the Columbia River and worn by an Indian woman there; and compared these barbarous things with corsetting, and proved that the last shows the greatest folly.
>
> Dr. Mussy, among other things, expressed decided disapproval of the use of bolted flour, declaring, "It is the practice among us to throw away the bran or give it to the hogs. We ought to eat it ourselves, for our systems need it."

The health apostle's visit bore results. August 6 Miss King writes:

> I have eaten no meat since last Saturday, and think of trying to do without it. Mrs. Smith has eaten none. Gertrude means to leave off, and Mr. Smith is tapering off.

After about two months on the No Meat system, we find the heroic teacher writing in her journal:

> October 4. I ate some codfish this morning. This is the first time I have tasted fish or flesh since the Mussy lecture. I may return to meat before long.

As to the corsets, Miss King reports: "Mrs. Smith pulled off hers, and Laura burnt her board." The old Adam, or, we ought to say, Eve, in the diarist was not altogether complaisant in view of the threatened abandonment of so many precious old habits. She frankly writes:

> I had a conflict of feeling about the corset, and said some obstinate things; but just at parting offered something by way of retraction to the Doctor, and told him we owed him a debt of gratitude. It appeared to me a matter of conscience whether I should leave off my busk and lacing and help to do away with the use of corsets. To leave off the use while others continue it, is the greatest self-denial I have yet been called upon to practice; but on Thursday I committed my board to the flames and left my corset loose.

More than a mental struggle seems to have been involved in this break in an old custom. Three days later the journal records:

> A sad pain in my side owing to leaving off my corset-board and lacing, and the effort to sit up without these helps.

Apparently Miss King persisted, and doubtless much to the advantage of her health, after the first sense of discomfort wore off.

Something like a year and a half later, Elizabeth writes to her aunt, Mrs. Isabella Swift: "I do not eat meat, but have half a dollar a month for doing without."

This custom of rewarding the children for items of self-denial, extended, with Gerrit Smith, to the pledge against intoxicating liquors. Thus, being at the home of Mr. Henry Fitzhugh in Oswego, about this time, where there were three bright boys, his nephews, he drew up this rhymed pledge, which each signed:

> Believing it to be a sin
> To drink rum, brandy, wine or gin;
> Or even cider, if fermented,
> Or beer when strong, and with hops scented:
>
> We do resolve with all our heart,
> From all these drinks five years to part.
> And pray that God us grace may give
> Pure lives of temperance to live.

This pledge having received the boys' signature, was followed by a promise on Mr. Smith's part:

> And I, in turn, my promise give
> That, if so happy as to live
> To see these boys fulfill their vows
> And slake their thirst from wells and cows!

A dollar each to them I'll pay
One twelve-month from this present day.
And at end of years a quarter score,
To each I'll pay five dollars more.

To forward interest in the cause of temperance Miss King composed a Colloquy, which was enacted in the mansion. A note in the journal alludes to it:

July 29, 1834. This evening my colloquy made its debut upon our parlor theater, before a fine audience, consisting of our family, domestics and all, the little misses who quilted and Grandmother Kelty. We had a bar fitted up with decanters and bottles. Gertrude impersonated Mr. Thoroughwork, a temperance man; Libby, Laura Friendless, a drunkard's daughter; and Fitz, Mr. Catchpenny, a rum dealer.

Doubtless the little play met with applause, but the characteristic modesty of the journalist would prevent mention of anything so flattering to herself.

A VISIT TO OSWEGO IN 1834.

On the 12th of June, 1834, Mrs. Smith, Elizabeth, Fitzhugh and the teacher set out for a visit to Oswego. The journey was something of an undertaking in that day. The pictures of the country and towns along the way, from Miss King's pen, show a striking contrast to the same stretch of territory as it unfolds before the modern traveler, flying along on the steam or electric car, or skimming over the roads in an automobile. There was a charm in the gentler landscape of three-quarters of a century ago, and in the leisurely progress of the canal boat, that is missed in these rushing times. We quote the teacher's journal:

We left Peterboro in the wagon about twelve o'clock today. First, came to Perryville, where there is a neat little Episcopal church. The prospect between this place and Chittenango was fine and very extensive, giving us hills covered with forests, and a view of Oneida Lake, in which we could discover two islands.

Stopped and baited at Chittenango. Passed through Fayetteville, a growing little place with four churches; then on to Orrville, which has one church. Both these villages communicate with the canal.

Got to Syracuse in good season. It is a large village on the Erie Canal. Here we put up at the stage-house kept by Mr. Comstock. Had pretty good accommodations,—took supper there.

June 13. Mrs. Smith paid here $3.87. We all went on board a packet canal boat, "The Oswego," at six this morning. Passed through Salina and saw the fire of the salt works at a distance, and the logs to carry the water.

We entered the canal a little way from Syracuse and sailed, now in the Seneca River a bit, then in the canal, and changed frequently from the canal to the Oswego River, and vice versa. We took breakfast and dinner in the boat. Mrs. Smith paid $6. Sat out on deck as we came into Oswego, which was at three o'clock.

Mr. Smith, his brother Peter and Mr. Henry Fitzhugh were soon on the wharf to welcome and receive us. We went home with Mr. Fitzhugh, but the children went with Gertrude and Mary Cochran, to their father's.

Very delightful experiences attended the stay of the visitors in Oswego. They went on board the steamboat "United States," which came in the next morning from Rochester, bearing a party of relatives, and were shown all over it, from hurricane deck to fire-hold. The children saw, with wide-eyed curiosity, "a schooner come in, with music and flying colors," and several going out. Capt. Cochran took them to the "old fort, where the mound, ditch and some remains of the fireplaces were still to be seen."[6]

Mr. Fitzhugh's flouring mill was another point of interest. They had never seen the interior of such an establishment before, and as they traced the process of manufacture from the wheat as it went into the hopper to be ground, to the fine snowy flour, as it came down the spouts to be packed in barrels, to be shipped away, it seemed quite wonderful.

Teacher and children walked on the beach and gathered pebbles, saw another steamboat making harbor, the "Great Britain," a Canadian craft, flying the red flag with its Saint George's cross; dined and supped with various relatives of the family, and altogether had a glorious time.

At four o'clock, on the afternoon of the 19th, the members of the Peterboro party were on board the canal packet again, homeward bound. After tea they went to bed in their berths; but not to sleep much, because of the noise. In passing through a lock, the journal relates, the gates were opened too soon, and the water was let into the ladies cabin "pretty sadly."

The following morning all were early astir, and having had breakfast, sat on the bow of the boat, enjoying the prospect as the craft pursued its leisurely way. Canastota was reached at half-past eight, where Mr. Smith engaged a wagon to carry the party to Peterboro, which was reached at two o'clock.

A few days after the return from the Oswego trip, Miss King mentions the coming of Mr. and Mrs. Bayard and Miss Elizabeth Cady, Mr. Smith's cousins. Mrs. Bayard was Tryphena Cady, sister of Elizabeth Cady. Her husband, Edward Bayard, an uncle of Thomas F. Bayard, British ambassador in President Cleveland's administration, had been one of Judge Cady's law students at Johnstown. Gay and lively times marked the stay of these visitors.

Here is a pretty bit from the journal that will remind the reader of Thoreau:

May 26, 1834. After school I took Libby, Fitz, Anna Kelty and Arthur Mills and went a long walk, up to the grove beyond Mr. Wilcoxson's. There we carved the initials of our names, with the year, on a beech tree, and pulled crinkle root, and picked some wild cabbage for Mrs. Sabbault. And what was more pleasant, I found at the foot of a beech tree a partridge's nest made of leaves, and containing six eggs of a cream color, about the size of a pullet's eggs. I first discovered it by seeing the old bird fly. We also found an unfinished nest made of wool.

We came back after sunset. On this hill we have a fine prospect of Peterboro, and the surrounding country.

INDIANS.

The teacher's journal made frequent mention of visits from Indians. Here are several such entries:

September 13, 1832. Two Indians are sleeping in the kitchen tonight. This has been a cold day.

November 29. It snowed last night. An Indian, his squaw and son stay here tonight. The squaw has many silver trinkets about her. These Indians were invited in to prayers.

March 13, 1833. A squaw and her two boys sleep on the kitchen floor to-night. The weather has turned colder and it is snowing.

On the 28th of March there comes "A very intelligent Indian, his squaw and two daughters." On the 23d of April the record reads, "Indians a-plenty here today." September 19 it is stated, "Some Indians came today with a pappoose lashed on a board." On the 28th of the following May there is a sad variation in the record of such visits. "An Indian woman, part white, came here this morning. She drinks, and Mr. Smith warned her very tenderly."

[6]There were several forts at Oswego, first and last. The earliest, named Fort Oswego, or as the French called it, Chouagen, was solidly built of stone masonry. It was of small dimensions, being only 60x30 feet, but it towered into the air for 40 feet. After later fortifications were built, this fortress became known as Oswego Old Fort. It was the remains of this original fortress doubtless that were shown to Miss King and the children. Its site was near the point at which the Oswego River debouches into the lake, on its west bank. It is marked today by a granite boulder, embedded in which is a descriptive tablet. Surrounding this monument is an iron fence which was brought from Washington. It is part of the fence that enclosed the grounds of the White House while President Lincoln was its occupant.

PLEASANT GLIMPSES OF LIFE IN THE MANSION.

September 14, 1832. Let out school early to go to the Society at Mrs. Huntington's. It was pretty well attended, and the subject of the impropriety of costly and vain dress for Christians, was largely discussed. This is a subject that has interested Mr. and Mrs. Smith a good deal of late.

Does the reader know of any modern church whose "Ladies' Aid" gives time to the discussion of this question? It was not a passing interest with the Smiths. In later years, and particularly after Gerrit Smith and his wife had enlisted in the cause of woman's rights, it engaged them both very seriously, and not less so their daughter Elizabeth. The latter made a practical and really heroic attempt to solve the vexed problem, so far as it relates to slavish adherence to extravagant and health-destroying fashions, by putting on and wearing for seven years the "Bloomer" costume, which she devised.

The entire tone of life at Peterboro was keyed to seriousness, but at the same time, though it had its share of those heavy griefs to which all flesh is heir, it was a very happy household. The children were early led to feel a sense of personal responsibility in good causes, and encouraged to do what was in their power to help, however little that might be. Thus, Miss King writes:

September 17, 1832. An agent of the American Tract Society, being a guest of the mansion, Libby gave a string of coral beads to him to sell, to aid in circulating tracts.

The entire household caught the gracious infection of doing good. Aunt Betsey, for instance, thinking a gift of a hundred pounds of flour would be acceptable to Mr. W.'s family, starts a subscription among "the females of the mansion," so states Miss King. "Mrs. S. gave a dollar, Grandma fifty cents, Aunt Betsey 62½ cents. I sent to the office and got a dollar and gave half of it, Laura gave 12½ cents and Margaret the same."

Aunt Betsey, Laura and Margaret were household employes. "I call you not servants, but friends," might have been said by Gerrit Smith and his wife, as it was said by the sacred lips long ago. Aunt Betsey, Elizabeth H. Kelty, lived from early womanhood to age in the mansion, beloved and confided in by every member of the household. Mr. Smith early dubbed her "The Counsellor," in view of her sage wisdom and judgment.

Laura Bosworth also spent her active years in the service of her friends of the mansion, trusted and loved. When age began stealing upon these two excellent women, Mr. Smith made to each of them a present of a comfortable home near the mansion, fronting the pretty village green. The houses stood side by side. Aunt Betsey outlived her noble-minded employers some five years, dying in March, 1880. From a letter written by the wife of the minister who conducted Aunt Betsey's funeral, we transcribe these paragraphs:

So rare an instance of loyalty and consistent friendship of three generations towards one who had outlived her own, is worthy of appreciative recognition. Aunt Betsey, at an advanced age, was accepted by the descendants of Gerrit and Mrs. Smith as a sacred legacy, and their personal attentions and considerateness surrounded her with comfort and filled her heart with brightness.

On the occasion of her funeral, the evidences of respect and affection from the community in which her long life had been spent, in doing good works and without reproach, were very touching.

At another time there is a family subscription to the American Board; and Miss King writes: "Gave a dollar to Mr. Smith for the American Board, to spread the Bible. The subscription in this family's and Mrs. Kelty's this month is 14 dollars."

Again, a subscription paper in behalf of the anti-slavery fund having been sent to her, Miss King proceeds to circulate it in the family, "the female part," with these results: "Mrs. S. gave $5, Aunt Betsey one dollar, Laura 50 cents, Margaret 25 cents, Elizabeth 25 cents, myself two dollars."

Gerrit Smith was not at this period connected with the anti-slavery society, being actively engaged with voice, pen and purse furthering the work of the Colonization Society. Miss King and Aunt Betsey had signed the constitution of the Anti-slavery Society on their knees, so solemn and sacred an act was it to them. In later years they used playfully to remind Gerrit Smith that he was their follower, not they his, in enlisting in the abolition cause.

Many sincere opponents of slavery were interested in the Colonization Society, in its earlier years, regarding it as a movement in the direction of eventual emancipation. As time passed, however, it appeared more and more doubtful whether the colonizing of free blacks in Africa was calculated to exercise any appreciable influence in favor of freeing their brethren who were in bondage; and it at length dawned on one after another of the believers in negro freedom among colonizationists, that they had been supporting an organization, the chief purpose of which was to make slaveholders more secure in their human "property." The presence of free negroes in slaveholding communities was detrimental to discipline among slaves, and it was important that they be got rid of.

Gerrit Smith's final withdrawal from it was a great blow to the Colonization Society, and drew from Neal Dow, a little later prominent as a total-abstinence advocate and father of the Maine Law, a letter of earnest expostulation and appeal. Replying to this letter, May 27, 1836, Mr. Smith writes:

Whatever the Colonization Society may have once been, it is manifestly its leading doctrine now, that emancipation without removal to Africa, is to be deprecated, and to be opposed by the exertion of all its power and influence. Such a doctrine, I trust you abhor. But had you attended the late meeting of the New York Colonization Society, you would have seen fresh proof that, in the judgment of its advocates, it is suitable for the colored man who prefers to remain in this country, to live and die in chains, and that liberty should be sternly denied to him until he consents to leave our coasts.

Mr. Smith was ever hospitable to avowed abolitionists, and Miss King's journal gives an account of a visit to the mansion in October, 1834, of two of the ablest and strongest advocates of straight-out abolition of slavery, William Goodell and Beriah Green. She writes:

Saturday, October 11. Mr. and Mrs. Smith and Rev. Beriah Green, President of Oneida Institute, with his son Samuel, came in time for dinner.

Mr. Goodell, editor of *The Emancipator,* came towards evening. According to previous notice, Mr. Green delivered an address, or rather preached a sermon upon Antislavery, from Proverbs 24:11-12. "If thou forbear to deliver them that are drawn unto death, and those that are ready to be slain; if thou sayest, Behold, we know it not; doth not he that pondereth the heart consider it, and he that keepeth thy soul, doth not he know it; and shall not he render to every man according to his works?"

The position the preacher laid down, says Miss King, was this: God inflicts upon sinners and nations the same kind

of evil as that which they have rendered to others. He insisted, too, that ignorance is no excuse; that God will punish the whole nation for the sin of permitting slavery.

On Sunday President Green preached in the Presbyterian Church, from Exodus 21:16: "And he that stealeth a man and selleth him, or if he be found in his hand, he shall surely be put to death."

He defined sin to be a violation of others' rights; and the sin of slavery to consist in holding property in man, and taking from our fellows their rights and privileges, which are God-given. He showed that the Colonization Society is not the right sort of instrumentality to remedy this evil; that it is unnecessary, impracticable and injurious to the cause of emancipation. He did not attribute to members of the society any other motives than those they avow, a desire to benefit the free colored people, and to rid the land of such a nuisance.

In the afternoon Mr. Green continued his discourse from the same text. He inveighed against the cruel prejudice against colored people, and outlined several plans for bringing about the abolition of slavery. One suggestion he made was that the ecclesiastical bodies of the North should withhold their fellowship from the Southern brethren who continue to hold slaves. I have listened to these two sermons with thrilling interest.

The texts of these two sermons indicate the class of Scripture passages which anti-slavery preachers called to their aid, in the attempt to awaken their fellowmen to the sin of dealing in human flesh and blood, leaving to slavery-defending parsons such comfort and support as they might be able to extract from the mild Mosaic slave code.

Recurring to Miss King's journal, we read:

October 4. A cold and rainy day. Mr. Smith, at the request of the children, this evening spoke "The Sailor Boy," which he used to speak in college; and he did it well.

It was the habit of Gerrit Smith and his wife to watch every step of their children's educational progress and to share often in their amusements. The children were very fond of hearing their father declaim. In school and college oratory had been a favorite study with Gerrit Smith. He possessed every natural gift as a public speaker, and early in life his excellence in the impressive art had won admiration. At his graduation he had been valedictorian of his class, as has been said, which was made up of a group of men all of whom afterward became eminent in one and another field. As late as 1874 an editorial writer in *Harpers' Weekly* said, commenting on his powers as an orator: "Gerrit Smith's valedictory is remembered to this day as one of the finest orations ever delivered in Hamilton College.

Rev. Ebenezer Snowden, D. D., who died in 1894, at the date of his death the oldest graduate of Hamilton, was one of Smith's classmates. In some reminiscences of his college days, indulged in shortly before the end of his long life, Dr. Snowden referred to the frequent contests in oratory between Gerrit Smith and another classmate, Benjamin Ledyard Cuyler, father of Rev. Theodore Cuyler. These contests were regarded as great occasions, he said, and were followed with keen interest by the whole body of students.

Miss King admits us to another glimpse of a practice in declamation in the school room.

This evening we were exercised in declamation again; and the children importuned so hard that I went to the floor and gave them, "Ye Loud Howling Tempests," with some degree of faltering in the voice. Among other exercises, we all stood in a row, Mrs. Smith, myself and the children, and Mr. Smith stood before us and repeated "The Sailor Boy" line by line, we repeating it after him, making the same modulations and gestures, and all at the same time.[1]

Another interesting and instructive custom of Mr. Smith's was the reading in the family circle of letters from his associates in the service of humanity. Thus:

November 29, 1834. Mr. Smith read to us this evening a noble and delightful letter from Mr. Birney of Danville, Ky.

It must certainly have been a noble letter. James G. Birney, one of the heroic figures in the anti-slavery contest, was destined to come into very intimate relations with Gerrit Smith, not alone through the joint interest of the two men in practical philanthropy, but through his marriage to Mrs. Smith's sister. Mr. Birney had been a highly respected son of the South. As a scholar, lawyer and man of affairs his standing was an honored one, and his wealth assisted in placing him socially in an enviable position. But becoming convinced of the sinfulness of slavery, he proceeded to manumit his slaves, of whom he possessed a large number, and the act, regarded by many influential Southerners as one of disloyalty to his caste, was at once followed by the withdrawal of all favor, social and otherwise, from him.

On his announcing it to be his intention to establish at his old home, Danville, a newspaper to be the organ of advanced philanthropy, including the cause of emancipation, he was warned not to do so. The printer whom he had engaged to bring out his paper was prevailed upon to break his contract, and finally Mr. Birney, to carry out his intention, removed to another state. The reception met by him in the free state of Ohio will be narrated hereafter. Meantime, the reader will be interested in a description of the scene at the manumission of Mr. Birney's slaves.

Having executed deeds of manumission in the cases of all his servants, Mr. Birney caused them all to be assembled and informed them of his act. The deeds, he told them, would be recorded, and the required bonds filled, so that they would be henceforth free. As many as desired to do so, he also told them, might remain in their old places as hired persons. God's blessing on the act was then invoked, in a fervent prayer, by a minister whom Mr. Birney had invited to be present. It is described as an affecting scene. All, blacks and whites alike, knelt while the prayer was offered. Many of the servants were quite overcome, and punctuated the good clergyman's petition with their sobs.

A few years later, viz., in 1839, Mr. Birney inherited, at the death of his father, a large number of slaves, among whom were some experienced mechanics, whose "price" in the market would have been high. He at once emancipated them all. And the deed being remarked upon in anti-slavery papers in terms of the high praise it deserved, Mr. Birney wrote a letter in which he stated that he had done only an act of justice, for which no special commendation was deserved.

A grand caravan comes, and it is interesting to consider the degree to which the enterprise of the traveling menagerie had developed eighty years ago. The teacher writes:

We all went to the grand caravan. I saw there a lion, a lioness, a young lion, two camels, a llama, a tiger, an alpaca, a bear, a wolf, an elephant, a small elephant, a zebra, a Shetland pony, a panther, ichneumons, foxes, rabbits, monkeys,

[1]In these exercises, Mr. Smith was repeating in his own family a training which he had received from his father. Judge Peter Smith possessed decided forensic talent; had in his youth acted in private theatricals in New York, with applause; and Gerrit was wont to tell of his being taken by his father into the large upper chamber of the mansion, when he was twelve or thirteen years old, and there, hour by hour exercised in vocal intonation, attitude and gesture.

a parrot-macaw, and another curious white bird with a long blue tuft hanging from the back of its head. The performances were chiefly the riding of the elephant and camel and the riding of the Shetland pony by the monkey as a dandy-jack. I should have said that Libby did not go with us. She was afraid and stayed at home.

The following season this grand caravan, or another, was again in the village, and of course the children were eager to go. Their father, however, had learned that there were features of the show not profitable for the children, and refused his consent. He did not, however, let the matter rest with a disappointment to them, but "dismissed them from school a little after three, took them a walk and bought them some chestnuts."

(*To be continued*)

From Abdul Baha Abbas

To the Honorable Secretary of the Sixth International Congress of Free and Progressive Christians and other Religious Liberals:

He Is God!

My honorable and dear friend:

Your kind letter was received, and its contents became the means of the happiness of consciousness, for it indicated the fact that a number of the well-wishers of the world of humanity have put forth great effort to organize the Sixth International Congress of Free and Progressive Christians and other Religious Liberals,—so that they may establish good-fellowship among the religious and cause the revelation of the reality of religion, to investigate the foundations of Divine Faiths, and to remove the present misunderstandings rampant among the nations. This is a most noble intention, for it means service to human kind. This object belongs to the realm of merciful susceptibilities. I hope that that noble Congress may become assisted in the affiliation of the hearts of the people of the world and create a compact of eternal peace among the adherents of religions; so that the human world may become freed from strangeness and all the religions may usher in under the tent of amity which is the universal tabernacle of the oneness of the world of humanity.

I entertained the greatest longing to present myself before this august International Congress, but I regret exceedingly that at this time I am living in Egypt, and the indisposition of my health and the consequent weakness prevent my journey. Therefore apologizing for my inability, not finding it possible to come, I will write a few lines on the subject.

It is evident and clear to the wise men of nations—those wise men who are the wooers of Absolute Reality—that the object of the appearance of the Holy Divine Manifestations, the Revelation of the Heavenly Books and the establishment of the Religions of God has been no other than amity among mankind and love between the individuals of the human family. Religion is the foundation of spiritual union, the union of thought, the union of susceptibilities, the unity of customs and the ideal chain binding together all the children of man. Through the practical realization of these objects the minds and the souls shall receive growth and development by Divine Instruction; they will become assisted to investigate reality, attain to the lofty stations of the human virtues and establish the basis of Divine Civilization.

There are two kinds of civilizations in the world of existence: A natural and material civilization, which serves the physical world, and a divine and heavenly Civilization, which renders service to the world of morality. The founders of natural civilization are the scientists and philosophers of the earth, and the Establishers of Divine Civilization are the holy, celestial Manifestations of God. Religion is the basis of Divine Civilization. Natural civilization is like unto the body: Divine Civilization is like unto the spirit. A body without the spirit is dead, although it may be in the utmost beauty and comeliness.

In short, by religion we mean those necessary bonds which unify the world of humanity. This has ever been the essence of the religion of God. This is the Eternal Bestowal of God! This is the object of Divine Teachings and Laws! This is the Light of the Everlasting Life! But a thousand times alas! that this solid foundation is abandoned and forgotten, and the leaders of religions have fabricated a set of blind dogmas and rituals which are at complete variance with the foundation of divine religion. As these dogmas differ from each other, they cause difference, difference breeds strife and strife ends in war and bloodshed; the blood of the innocent people is spilled, their possessions are ransacked and pillaged and their children become captives and orphans. Thus religion, which was destined to become the cause of friendship, has become the cause of enmity. Religion, which was meant to be the sweet honey, is changed into bitter poison. Religion, the function of which was to be the Illumination of the world of humanity, has become the factor of obscurantism and gloom. Religion, which was to confer everlasting life, has become the fiendish instrument of death. Consequently as long as these blind dogmas are in the hands and these nets of dissimulation and hypocrisy in the fingers, religions will be only a harmful agency in the world of humanity. Hence these superannuated, tattered dogmas which are current among the present-day religions must be totally given up and thus free from past traditions investigate the real objects of Divine Religions, and as the foundation of the religions of God is One and that one is absolute Reality, and Reality is indivisible and not amenable to multiplicity, therefore complete unity and amity between all the religions shall be instituted and the True Religion of God shall become unveiled in the utmost beauty and sublimity in the assemblage of the world of humanity. Hence this honorable Congress must tear asunder the veils and curtains of these dogmas and remove these accumulated, suffocating increments. They must dispel these impenetrable dark clouds, so that the Sun of Reality with the utmost of luminosity may shine from the Horizon of Eternity.

Praise be to God that this century is the century of sciences! This Cycle is the Cycle of Reality! The minds have developed, the thoughts have taken a wider range of vision; the intellects have become keen; the emotions have become most sensitized; the inventions have transformed the face of the earth, and this age has acquired a glorious capability for the majestic revelation of the Oneness of the world of humanity.

If the honorable members of this Congress engage their deliberations upon the promotion of philanthropic

objects and disperse these dogmas which are tenaciously held by the devotees of the religions, and which are contrary to the Divine Plan;—undoubtedly this world will become another world; the earthly sphere will become the sphere of the Kingdom; the world of humanity an arena for the display of Truth; the rays of the Sun of the Realm on High shall shine upon it; the East and the West will become enlightened; the North and the South shall embrace each other; all the religions will become truth-seekers and speakers of reality; Eternal Institutions will be established in the human world, and day unto day the Superstructure of the Palace of the solidarity and the oneness of mankind shall be raised to the loftiest pinnacle of heaven!

This is the hope of this Exiled one! From the throne of the Almighty I beg for you assistance and confirmation, so that you may become strengthened to accomplish such a work, the feasibility of which has been considered as impossible and utopian from the beginning of creation! May this work be accomplished through you, in this radiant century, with the utmost of perfection and grandeur.

Upon ye be greeting and praise!

Translated from the original Persian by Mirza Ahmad Schrab, July 8, 1913, Port Said, Egypt.

THE HOME

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THIS DEPARTMENT SHOULD BE SENT TO MISS KATHERINE JONES, THE WINDERMERE, 1614 E. 56TH ST., CHICAGO.

Helps To High Living

SUN.—I live not in myself, but I become
Portion of that around me; and to me
High mountains are a feeling, but the hum
Of human cities torture.

MON.—Fair Greece! sad relic of departed worth!
Immortal, though no more! though fallen, great!

TUES.—There are some feelings time cannot benumb
Nor torture shake.

WED.—The best of prophets of the future is the past.

THURS.—'Tis meet to hear the watch dog's honest bark
Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home;
'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
Our coming, and look brighter when we come.

FRI.—They never fail who die
In a great cause.

SAT.—All who joy would win
Must share it,—happiness was born a twin.

—Lord Byron.

WHERE IS HEAVEN?

Where is heaven?
Out under the trees
Dead leaves are dancing in time with the breeze.
The sound of the river, the murmur of pines,
Sunbeams that quiver in long slanting lines;
All is sweet! But it passes away!
Heaven must be where all beauty can stay.

Where is heaven?
Here we rejoice
In the touch of a hand, or the sound of a voice
In home's quite comfort, and friendship complete,
In griefs that are shared, and joys that are sweet,
But these, too, must vanish, forever and aye!
O, heaven must be where our loved ones stay!

Where is heaven?
O, daily we catch
Glimpses beyond, at the lift of the latch.
Nearness and dearness and laughing delight,
Curls that are golden and locks that are white,
These are but tokens that not far away
Open the door to the glories that stay.

The Advance. *—Catherine Bisbee Gates.*

Automatic Whistle Warns Miners of Fire Damp

A safety lamp with an attachment operating a continuous whistle has been invented as a result of an appeal by the Kaiser to the scientific society he formed in 1912 for safeguarding the lives of those who work underground. The "fire-damp whistle" in good air gives a continuous note which instantly alters to a tremolo when there is the slightest influx of dangerous gases, and it becomes a staccato when combustion is difficult. It can be heard a hundred yards away. These lamps will be kept burning at regular stations throughout the mine.

Popular Mechanics.

English Mother's Creed

We give here the creed of an English mother:

I believe in the eternal importance of the home as the fundamental institution of society.

I believe in the immeasurable possibilities of every boy and girl.

I believe in the imagination, the trust, the hopes and the ideals which dwell in the hearts of all children.

I believe in the beauty of nature, of art, of books and of friendship.

I believe in the satisfactions of duty.

I believe in the little homely joys of everyday life.

I believe in the goodness of the great design which lies behind our complex world.

I believe in the safety and peace which surrounds us all through the over-brooding love of God.

I believe in the will of God as the one and only law of human life in all its relations.

I believe in training my children to be faithful children of God and disciples of Jesus Christ.—*Methodist Recorder.*

A COUNTRY CHURCH.

Clear-eyed and prim, with walls of white
Among the leaves of birch
That tinged but did not stem the light,
Nestled the little church,
All summer open to the air
And all that green a-quiver there.

About were tender, dreamy sounds;
The stamp of horses' feet,
The mumbling bees upon their rounds
Where clover nodded sweet,
A piping quail—the grain low bent
Showed where her furtive flutterings went.

Next father in the pew's long row
Came urchins sternly shod;
Next mother—for she planned it so—
The child who first would nod,
Laying, when sermon-time oppressed,
His poppy-cheek upon her breast.

Bare stretched your aisle and long your hour
To many a childish wight,
Wee church! yet, rich in holy power,
You blessed as angels might.
Long years have gone—our faith is true;
Long years we've prayed, because of you!

Youths' Companion. *—Jeannette Pendleton Ewing.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

"WATCH GERMANY!"

[This is a good motto for all social workers, especially in matters related to the alcohol problem.—ED.]

While ample arrangements are made in Germany caring for the drunkard, the stress is not laid on institutionalism, nor yet on legislation, but on education. Thinking Germany, headed by the Emperor himself, is consecrated to teaching Germany the efficiency cost of moderate drinking. The crusade started in monographs as German crusades usually do—monographs that pronounced alsohol to be not a life giver, as men had believed, but a life destroyer. Experiments—firing tests, typesetting tests—proved that not only heavy drinking, but very moderate drinking, lessened the worker's endurance, precision, ability. These tests, it is said, "shot moderate drinking to death" on the Continent. The Kaiser not only became a total abstainer himself, but asked his army to give up beer—for the sake of efficiency. Alcohol courses sprang up in the universities; women's clubs paid these trained students to go forth lecturing on alcohol; traveling exhibitions went from town to town showing by posters, charts, moving pictures, the efficiency lost through beer. Every chart shows what beer is doing to the people. One curious chart points out that daughters of drunkards tend to lose the power to nurse their offspring.

As a result of this increasing education the consumption of beer among the German people is steadily declining. The great industries, convinced of the efficiency lost to the workmen through beer, have many of them established milk booths for their men. In the mines at Dartmunder lecturers, posters and milk booths combined brought down the consumption of beer from 1,700 hektoliters to 700.

The Berlin City Gas Works offers coffee and malt coffee free. They claim that it pays them to do this.

All this and much more can be found in "The Anti-Alcohol Movement in Europe," published by *Fleming R. Revell & Co.* Every social worker should read it,—for almost every social worker is neglecting the alcohol problem. United Charities should start this German movement, purely educational. Prohibitionists who want prohibition to prohibit should support it.

The women's clubs in Massachusetts are placing alcohol education boards in their parks (43x29 inches), changing the posters every four months. The posters are also placed in the trolleys of western Massachusetts. Posters cost 5 cents apiece. You can help by placing a poster in your town. Write to E. Tilton, 11 Mason Street, Cambridge, Mass.

THE PEOPLE'S FRIEND.

The hearty way in which Dr. Hale gave of himself and his time to all sorts of people is shown in the tribute paid to him by Mary Antin in her book, "The Promised Land," published by *Houghton, Mifflin & Co.* As many of our readers know, Mary Antin is one of a family of Russian Jews who came to this country when she was about ten years old. She found here, as her book tells, the "promised land," where there was opportunity even for a girl of the slums to develop the fine qualities of her mind and heart.

She tells of the friends she made while still a student in the Girls' Latin School, among whom was Dr. Hale. This is her account of her girlhood friendship with him:

"Even simpler than to meet a Senator was it to become acquainted with a man like Edward Everett Hale. 'The Grand Old Man of Boston,' the people called him, from the manner of his life among them. He kept open house in every public building in the city. Wherever two citizens met to devise a measure for the public weal, he was a third. Wherever a worthy cause needed a champion, Dr. Hale lifted his mighty voice. At some time or another his colossal figure towered above an eager multitude from every pulpit in the city, from every lecture platform. And where is the map of Boston that gives the names of the lost alleys and back ways where the great man went in search of the lame in body who could not join the public assembly, in quest of the maimed in spirit who feared to show their faces in the open? If all the little children who have sat on Dr. Hale's knee were started in a procession on the State House steps, standing four abreast, there would be a lane of merry faces across the Common, out to the Public Library, over Harvard Bridge, and away beyond to remoter landmarks.

"That I met Dr. Hale is no wonder. It was as inevitable as that I should be a year older every twelve-month. He was a part of Boston as the salt wave is a part of the sea. I can hardly say whether he came to me or I came to him. We met, and my adopted country took me closer to her breast.

"A day or two after our first meeting I called on Dr. Hale, at his invitation. It was only eight o'clock in the morning, you may be sure, because he had risen early to attend to a hundred great affairs, and I had risen early so as to talk with a great man before I went to school. I think we liked each other a little more for the fact that, when so many people were still asleep, we were already busy, in the interests of citizenship and friendship. We certainly liked each other.

"I am sure I did not stay more than fifteen minutes, and all that I recall of our conversation was that Dr. Hale asked me a great many questions about Russia, in a manner that made me feel that I was an authority on the subject; and, with his great hand in good-bye, he gave me a bit of homely advice,—namely, that I should never study before breakfast!

"That was all, but for the rest of the day I moved against a background of grandeur. There was a noble ring to Virgil that day that even my teacher's firm translation had never brought out before. Obscure points in the history lesson were clear to me alone, of the thirty girls in the class. And it happened that the tulips in Copley Square opened that day, and shone in the sun like lighted lamps.

. . . . . .

"Once I brought Dr. Hale a present, a copy of a story of mine that had been printed in a journal; and from his manner of accepting it you might have thought that I was a princess dispensing gifts from a throne. I wish I had asked him, that last time I talked with him, how it was that he who was so modest made those who walked with him so great."

The Beacon.

HONORED AT HOME

The long arranged deputation to wait upon Mr. Rabindra Nath Tagore at Bolepur to felicitate him upon the award of the Nobel Prize, came off on Sunday, November 23. As previously announced, a special train conveying about 500, among whom were also a few Europeans and Mohammedans, the majority being Bengali gentleman, left Howrah for Bolepur on the Loop Line at 10:30 a. m. Young Bengali volunteers, who were pressed into service were early on duty at Howrah to receive the guests and see them to their seats in the train. A simple festoon of

flags along its whole length marked it out as a vehicle containing, as a member of the deputation aptly remarked, "ardent pilgrims to the shrine of letters at Bolepur."

The train arrived at Bolepur at about 2:30 p. m. and the deputation was received on the platform by the Rev. C. F. Andrews (who had put on "dhoti" and "chaddar") and a number of students of Mr. Tagore's school. Mr. Tagore's house is about a mile from the station and the deputation passed through a well-kept road both sides of which were lined with one continuous string of mangoe leaves beneath the bamboo support of which were placed on lotus leaves at intervals cowries, garlands, paddy, copper coins, etc., as symbols of good luck.

The deputation was then conducted to a garden in the midst of which two seats were reserved, one of marble meant for the president, and the other of earth temporarily raised and covered with lotus leaves, meant for the poet. The proceedings were heralded by the blowing of conch shells and the singing of a welcome song by a few girls. In the meantime, by way of reception the foreheads of the guests were anointed with sandal paste.

When all had assembled, about six members of the deputation went inside the house to accompany the poet to the place of meeting. This being done, on the motion of Mr. Justice Chaudhuri, seconded by Mr. Bhupendra Nath Basu, Dr. J. C. Bose was voted to the chair.

The poet was then garlanded amidst applause, after which Dr. Bose addressed a few words to the poet congratulating him on his own behalf and on behalf of the deputation.

Next Babu Hirendra Nath Dutt read a short Bengali address, which was printed on silk and presented to Mr. Tagore.

The Rev. Mr. Melburn recognized it as a great privilege to be allowed to say a few words on behalf of the European and Christian communities and

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to offer a small handful of respect and congratulation to Mr. Tagore, who had enriched not only the literature of his own country but the literature of England. In this connection the speaker mentioned that some of the passages of Mr. Tagore's book, the "Gitanjali," were being used by Christian students in offering their prayers. Dr. Satish Chundra Vidyabhusan, on behalf of the Bengal Sahitya Parisad, and also on behalf of the Pandits of Bengal, offered congratulations to Mr. Tagore in Sanskrit. Rai Bahadur Dr. Chuni Lal Bose, in congratulating Mr. Tagore on behalf of the Sahitya Sabha, said that Mr. Tagore occupied the highest place among the poets of India. Maulvi Abul Kasem offered congratulations on behalf of the Mohammedan community, and said that he (Mr. Tagore) had enriched their language. Mr. Holland said that in awarding the Nobel Prize to Mr. Tagore Europe had honored herself. In this year's award the often quoted couplet "East is East, and West is West, and the twain shall never meet," had been repudiated. This year the East and West had met in the temple of spirit and not in the temple of God made with hands. Mr. S. Bhattacharjee then presented Mr. Tagore with a gift in the shape of a picture on behalf of the Bengal artists. Babu Purendra Nath Nahar, on behalf of the Jaina Sampradaya presented Mr. Tagore with a garland and congratulated him on the honor that he had obtained. Professor Momotho Mohun Bose also congratulated Mr. Tagore on behalf of the students of the Sahitya Parishad.

Mr. Rabindra Nath Tagore in reply thanked them for the honor done to him. Although he did not consider himself worthy of the honor they were bestowing on him yet he accepted it with great diffidence.

The deputation then broke up and made their way to the station where Mr. Tagore followed them. Then the train left after the usual exchange of cheers and reached Howrah at 10:15 p. m.

The Indian Messenger.

An analysis by the Church News Association of the recent Y. M.-Y. W. C. A. $4,000,000 campaign in New York brings to light some not unentertaining facts about the donors to the huge fund. Some Jews of wealth gave liberal sums. Few Jews of moderate means did so. Among Roman Catholics no men and women of wealth contributed, but a large number of small gifts came from Catholics of the middle financial class. The largest and most numerous gifts came from men rather than women. Finally, 80 to 85 per cent of the money was subscribed by people who already support the Protestant churches of New York.

Two recent books are worth the attention of the country pastor. "The Country Church," by C. O. Gill and Gifford Pinchot (Macmillan, $1.25 net), is a comparative study of church efficiency in a rural population of 50,000 over a period of twenty years. The remedies suggested come from a country pastor of fifteen years' successful experience.—*Methodist Social Service Bulletin.*

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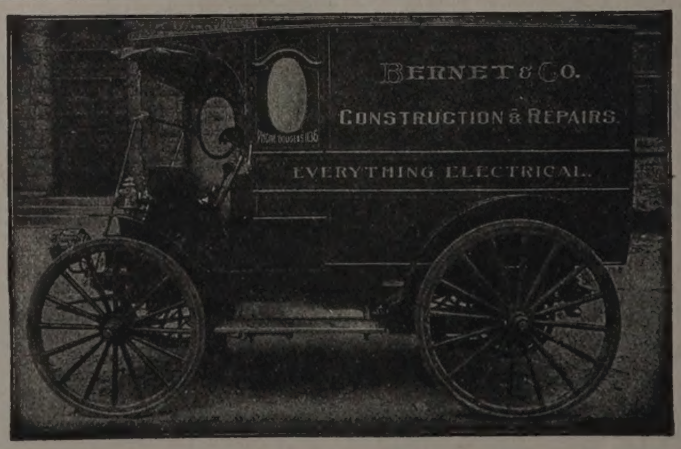

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